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Hollinger Corp.  
pH 8.5

An illustration of four swallows perched on a branch with small white flowers. The birds are shown in profile, facing right, with their long, deeply forked tails clearly visible. The illustration is rendered in a soft, painterly style with muted colors.

# Heralds of Easter.

By  
Dora Read Goulton



# HERALDS OF EASTER

A NEW POEM OF EASTERTIDE BY

DORA READ GOODALE

WITH DESIGNS OF

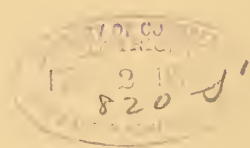
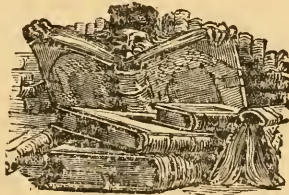
CITY-SPARROWS AND WISTERIA BLOSSOMS; WHITE  
DOVES AND BLOSSOMING APRICOT; SWALLOWS  
SKIMMING OVER WHITE DAISIES; CHIP-  
PING-BIRDS AND PUSSY-WILLOW

BY

FIDELIA BRIDGES

DESIGNER OF

"SONGS OF BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF MEADOW AND GROVE;" "SONGSTERS OF THE BRANCHES"



NEW YORK

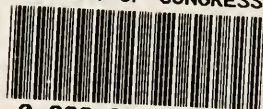
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Heralds of Easter.

The night is past, the heavy night of sorrows,  
The creeping hours, uncolored and alone—  
Lift up your hearts to greet the happy morrow,  
Fair cradle of a future yet unknown.  
A whisper shakes the curtained quays,  
To hail the rising King,  
And on the crystal air of day  
The bells begin to ring—  
Chime!  
The bells begin to ring

### HERALDS OF EASTER.

*The night is past, the heavy night of sorrow,  
The creeping hours, unsolaced and alone—  
Lift up your hearts to greet the happy morrow,  
Fair cradle of a future yet unknown.  
A whisper shakes the curtained grey,  
To hail the rising king,  
And on the crystal air of day  
The bells begin to ring—  
O hark!  
The bells begin to ring. .*



FB

MADE IN THE U.S.A.



Again the words of glad release are spoken  
To weary soul, with leaden grief oppressed,  
The year brings back the old, immortal token  
And hope returns to ease the burdened heart.  
A look - a word, we know not how,  
Our long resentment goes;  
It melts before a stronger vow,  
To vanish like the snows  
At last,  
To vanish like the snows.

*Again the words of glad release are spoken  
To every soul with leaden grief oppressed,  
The year brings back the old, immortal token  
And hope returns to ease the burdened breast.  
A look—a word, we know not how,  
Our long resentment goes;  
It melts before a sweeter vow,  
To vanish like the snows  
At last,  
To vanish like the snows.*

The earth breaks forth in countless eager voices,  
A silver sound where all before was dumb.  
The Sparrow on the stringing vine rejoices,  
Dreaming of June and rosy days to come,  
For so in blissful promise meet  
The tardy gifts of Time,  
While yet, with lingering cadence sweet,  
The Easter bells chime,  
Far off,  
The Easter bells chime.

*The earth breaks forth in countless eager voices,  
A silver sound where all before was dumb;  
The sparrow on the swinging vine rejoices,  
Dreaming of June and rosy days to come,  
For so in blissful promise meet  
The tardy gifts of Time,  
While yet, with lingering cadence sweet,  
The Easter belfries chime,  
Far off  
The Easter belfries chime.*

*As light returns, in sudden pallor stealing,  
The city starts, her pulses thrill again,—  
For her the breath of vital strength and healing  
Whose streets and alleys teem with myriad men!*





F.B.



As light returns, in sudden paler glancing,  
The City starts, her pulses thrill again,  
For her the breath of vital strength and healing  
Moses streets and alleys turn into myriads!  
On many a hearth her grateful fires  
A sacred incense raise,  
For still the tamed heart aspires  
And burns in prayer and praise,  
Untaught  
It burns in prayer and praise.

Long is the night above the distant meadows,  
Black, like the grave that holds the silent clay;  
When shall the morning part the empty shadows,  
Type of a faith majestic as the day?  
A glimmer lights the Eastern Key,  
The smiling flush of Spring,  
And from the heavens, dark and high,  
The birds begin to sing  
O hush!  
The birds begin to sing.

Once more the stream frets the time of mallons,  
Tired from its bonds, and laughing in the light;  
Glistens the grass beside the stony shallows,  
Province of summer to the hungry light!  
A warble has pierced the frozen earth  
By barren field and plain,  
And quickened to a higher birth  
She wakes with all her train -  
O ee!  
She wakes with all her train.

*On many a hearth her grateful fires  
A sacred incense raise,  
For still the tameless heart aspires  
And burns in prayer and praise,—  
Untaught  
It burns in prayer and praise.*

*Long is the night above the distant meadows,  
Black, like the grave that holds the silent clay;  
When shall the morning part the empty shadows,  
Type of a faith, majestic as the day?  
A glimmer lights the Eastern sky,  
The melting flush of spring,  
And from the heavens, dark and high,  
The birds begin to sing—  
O hush !  
The birds begin to sing.*







Thank, what a burst of capture and of yearning  
Spent, like a wave dissolving on the sand!  
Blessed be the hour of life and love returning,  
Sweet consolation to the wintry land!

The mayflower lifts her swelling buds,  
The tray of shut and snow,  
And half the willow's russet hoods  
A silver crescent show  
Horsforth,  
A silver crescent show.

*Once more the stream foretells the time of swallows,  
Freed from its bonds, and laughing in the light;  
Glistens the grass beside the stony shallows,  
Promise of summer to the hungry sight!  
A warmth has pierced the frozen earth  
By barren field and plain,  
And quickened to a higher birth  
She wakes with all her train—  
O see!  
She wakes with all her train.*

*Hark, what a burst of rapture and of yearning,  
Spent, like a wave dissolving on the sand.  
Blessed be the hour of life and love returning,  
Sweet consolation to the wintry land!*

In lonely grief, as heedless of the morrow,  
With costly vows we kept the Lenten fast;  
He too would bring the gifts of tender snow  
And seek our Lord amid the buried past:  
But not in clay or crumbling stone  
Shall deathless hope appear:  
The Saviour still redeems his own -  
He rose and is not here, -  
Behold,  
He was and is not here!  
Ora Read Gordale.

*The mayflower lifts her swelling buds,  
The toy of sleet and snow,  
And half the willow's russet hoods  
A silver crescent show  
Forsooth,  
A silver crescent show.*

*In lonely grief, as heedless of the morrow,  
With costly vows we kept the lenten fast;  
We too would bring the gifts of tender sorrow,  
And seek our Lord amid the buried past:  
But not in clay or crumbling stone  
Shall deathless hope appear:  
The Saviour still redeems his own—  
He rose and is not here,—  
Behold  
He rose and is not here!*

*—Dora Read Goodale.*







